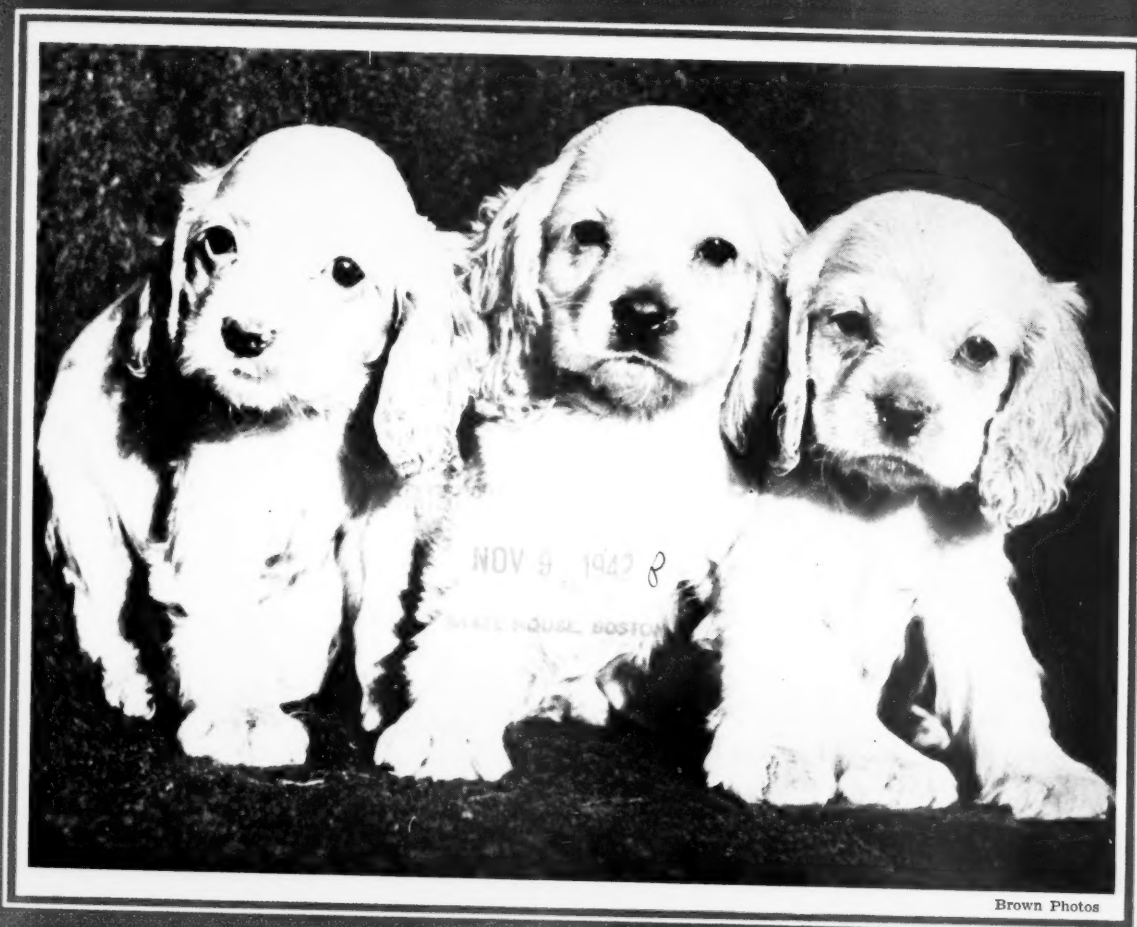


NOVEMBER 1942

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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Vol. 75

November, 1942

No. 11

More and more, we in this newer land—all of us, men and animals,—are to feel what those in other lands have been so increasingly facing—the need not only of giving up many a luxury, but also of many things once deemed almost life's necessities. We must not forget, however, that we still have a vast deal for which to be daily thankful.

When a leading army officer declares that every soldier in our armies should learn to hate with bitter hatred his country's foes, and go forth to battle with the passion to kill and maim them, we easily see the passions war arouses.

Win this war we must, not only for ourselves but for millions of our fellow men the world over, whose "life, liberty and happiness" are at stake.

But that spirit of hate and death which flames in the words quoted above by a military official leaves no room in the soldier's heart for the words of Him who died that men might live. But war—we are learning now the godless thing for which it stands, and we have made it what it is.

Another rodeo is coming to Boston soon. The cruelties that have characterized many of these exhibitions have been denounced by all Humane Societies.

The one above referred to, we understand, was formerly under the management of Colonel Johnson. We can say this for him—that he was very co-operative with us and endeavored strictly to follow the rules we gave him for the handling of the animals—a violation of any one of these rules, it being understood, would be followed by immediate prosecution.

The public may be assured that the present management will be given the same rules, and any actual violation will be subject to immediate arrest.

Religion in the Schools

THOSE of our readers who believe that among life's great values are the things for which religion stands, and who have regretted that our public schools have so largely either ignored or forbidden any reference to these values in their courses of instruction, will be glad to learn that more than fifty per cent of the children of two Back Bay primary schools attended the first classes in religious instruction which opened October 1st in the Boston Public Schools. Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and Christian Science faiths were represented.

Dismissal of pupils for one hour each week for religious instruction in church or synagogue schools was authorized last June by the Boston School Committee.

Mention has already been made in our magazine of the fact that the great educational institutions of our country have long seemed to regard mere learning, and particularly that of a scientific nature, to be sufficient to meet the needs of their students.

"A Great Dynamic Faith"

On his return from his visit to England in July Mr. John Foster Dulles, Chairman of the Federal Council's Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace, said:

"A noticeable deficiency, both in England and here, is the lack of a great dynamic faith. Victory is too much looked upon merely as something that will bring relief from peril. We do not look to it as something that will also bring the opportunity to achieve a great mission in the world. It is only out of such a faith that men develop their greatest power."

—FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES BULLETIN

Dean Inge Says

THAT widely-known Dean Inge, formerly Dean of St. Paul's, London, scholar, thinker, religious leader, more than once in the various volumes that have come from his pen, and in his addresses, has referred to the animal world and our relation to it. He has even stated that the movement in modern times, recognizing their rights, is one of the marked steps forward in man's civilization.

He says, for example, "Personally I have never killed anything larger than a wasp, and that was in self-defense. It is not necessary or possible to draw hard and fast lines; what is necessary is that we should recognize that the animals have as good a right on earth as we have; that 'our Heavenly Father feedeth them' and wishes them to have such happiness as they are capable of, and that they are, in fact and not in metaphor, our own kith and kin."

He also says, "We may thank God that the prediction of Jeremy Bentham has been officially, though not wholly, fulfilled: 'The time will come when humanity will extend its mantle over everything which breathes. We have begun by attending to the condition of slaves; we shall finish by softening that of all the animals which assist our labors and supply our wants.' Those who have seen the beautiful and absolutely unselfish affection which many animals, when they are decently treated, show to their masters, must feel the same kind of shame and bewilderment at the callous brutality often shown to them, that we feel when we read of the treatment of slaves in ancient Rome.

"It is war that wastes a nation's wealth, kills its flower, narrows its sympathies, condemns it to be governed by

adventurers, and leaves the puny, deformed and unmanly to breed the next generation. . . . To call war the soil of courage and virtue is like calling debauchery the soil of love."

The Boy and the Gun

THE following story is sent us from the San Diego Union. Who was most responsible for that blind eye — the parents who gave the gun or the boy who had it as a plaything?

"This is the story of Manfred Aident, one of our classmates. I'm telling it in hope that it may save you from having a like experience.

"One evening Manfred's mother left him and Gene, his friend, building boat models while she went to call on a neighbor. Manfred soon gave up boat-building and started to fix his BB gun. He turned the barrel to make the BB come out. The BB came out all right, but landed right behind his right eyeball. At first he didn't know what happened because it happened so quickly. Then he felt a sharp pain. He let out a yelp and ran out of the door with Gene on his heels.

"When he got to the neighbor's he flung open the door and made a dash for his mother. The neighbors put something cold on it. Manfred was very dizzy. They rushed him to the Mercy hospital where he slept for about an hour. At about 9 o'clock, Manfred had three X-rays taken of his eye, then he was taken back to his ward.

"Manfred stayed in the hospital under the doctor's care for eight days. They hoped they would be able to save his eye, but the hope was vain; the sight of the eye was gone."

Animals in the Dark

L. E. EUBANKS

GENERALLY speaking, animals see better in darkness than persons do. But they see better in daytime too; the difference between the cat's sight and ours, for instance, at night is not as great as is generally supposed, and some actions of animals in the dark, commonly ascribed to superior sight, are governed more by other senses.

Our cat likes to chase pebbles when I throw them, but when I do this after dark she doesn't seem to see any better than I do. Standing close to my hand when the stone leaves it, she starts, but is immediately confused.

Man has not explained exactly how migrating birds find their way. A certain type of plover nests in Canada. At the end of the summer these birds fly 2,500 miles over the ocean to South America, with no landmarks to guide them. Is it possible they can sense the north-south magnetic lines of force? Experiments so



A MOOSE CALF IS ONE OF NATURE'S INTRIGUING BABIES

far have proved nothing.

How is it that fish avoid colliding with objects in the dark? Along each side of the body are microscopic organs affected by the pressure of the water. If the fish is swimming toward a rock, the water presses against its body and it turns aside.

But that cannot explain the ability of bats to fly through intense darkness without hitting anything. It is suggested by a professor that the skin on a bat's face is probably much more sensitive than our own, thus enabling the bat to feel the pressure of air when flying toward a solid object that might injure it.



A CORNER IN NEW WARD OF THE SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL

Trophy Room

Rena Stotenburgh Travais

*I am a mighty hunter and my trophy room is filled
With birds and beasts that I have shot,
though none of them were killed;*

*I hunted where the squirrels played
in kindly orchard shade
And where the deer came down to drink,
along a forest glade.*

*I made the gull and raven mine, the heron
and the rook;
I wish that everyone could see the pictures
that I took.*

A Trustful Moose Calf

W. J. BANKS

THE moose, largest and mightiest of the deer people, is perhaps the friendliest and most easily tamed by human kindness. This few-days-old calf, orphaned near Shelburne, N. S., is only slightly camera shy. He poses prettily enough with the encouragement of a gentle touch from the hand of the friend he has learned to trust.

In spite of his friendliness the moose is almost never seen in captivity, for he will die on a diet of grass, hay and other foods upon which most deer can maintain health. A browsing animal, the moose needs the tender leaves, twigs and bark of his native woodland, plus the succulent shoots that grow beneath the surface of the northern lake or lily pond. For this is the most aquatic of deer, plunging like a waterfowl for his favorite plants and often taking to the water, with only his grotesque nose above the surface, at the approach of danger.

The devotion of mother moose to her offspring, usually twins, is famous in the northland. Not long ago a moose family was forced to swim for it when a fire burned itself out on the shores of their home lake. One calf rested her forelegs on the mother's rump and made the crossing; but baby brother, falling behind, lost his way in the smoke and darkness. Utterly exhausted when rescued, he lay, too terrified to move, in the bottom of the motor boat.

The ranger enclosed him in a corral near his cabin far up the chain of lakes, and soon the young calf was as tame as a pet dog. But mother moose had not forgotten the lost one. One stormy night the ranger heard something thud against the boards of the corral. In the morning, he found planks kicked down from the outside. Large moose tracks, followed on the return journey to the edge of the woods by those of a calf, and there joined by a second calf, told the story. The moose family was united and happy again!

New Ward Opened at Springfield Animal Hospital

To Be Known as "The Francis H. Rowley Ward"



Springfield Daily News Photo

PRESIDENT FRANCIS H. ROWLEY (LEFT), DR. ALEXANDER R. EVANS, MRS. CARLTON H. GARINGER, MRS. CHARLENA B. KIBBE, AND ERIC H. HANSEN, EXEC. VICE-PRESIDENT

A NEW ward for the hospitalization of dogs at the Springfield Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was formally dedicated on October 8 with fitting ceremonies. Members of the Women's Auxiliary, officials from the Society's headquarters in Boston, and several hundreds of citizens assembled to acquaint themselves with this new addition to the Hospital, where more than 166,000 animals have received treatment in the past eleven years of its operation.

This new ward is modern in every respect and embodies the latest improvement in kennel construction and material used. The twenty individual cages have cement bases, translucent glass sides, woven-wire tops and fronts and each with a sanitary drainage system. There are three different sizes of cages for the accommodation of dogs, large and small. The ward has a sound-proof ceiling and is air-conditioned.

At the official opening of this important adjunct to the Hospital it was announced by Mr. Eric Hansen, executive vice-president of the Society, that it would be named "The Francis H. Rowley Ward," in honor of Dr. Rowley, and in recognition of his many years of valued service as president of both the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society.

Dr. Rowley responded briefly, expressing his gratitude that an active humane unit such as the Hospital ward was to bear his name.



ADMITTING ROOM FOR HOSPITAL PATIENTS

Thanksgiving 1942

THERE will be many empty chairs when the family gathers for the annual holiday. Some of them will be empty because the boys are in service, others empty because some member of the family already has made the supreme sacrifice for the nation.

The usual happy feast will be devoid of all gaiety—it will be difficult for many to offer thanks. And yet, we have much to be thankful for. Our own land still free from the ravages of war, our health, our family, our friends.

As we think of our beloved country on this day of Thanksgiving, we are grateful for the privilege of living here. We like to think of the salty breezes at Cape Cod and the winding roads of New England, the rolling, rich cornfields of Iowa, the majestic expanse of the Rocky Mountains, and the semi-tropical beauty of Florida.

We think of George Washington, Lincoln, Lee and Sherman, and of the newest, pink-cheeked recruit in our new Army. We think of our home, "be it ever so humble," of our many animal friends. Yes, we are thankful and courageous in the face of coming events. Strong American men and women able to stand the strain will be the ones to lead this nation after the war.

Do Dogs Reason?

HORATIO V. GARD

IS man the only member of the animal kingdom that reasons from cause to effect? Before commitment let the reader study the dog episode about to be related, for the truth of which I freely vouch, then answer his latest belief.

"Judge" was a pedigreed collie. He was called "Judge" because he came from Judge Smith's kennel. My friend, Judge Smith, gave the dog to me to send to my father who lived on a farm in southeastern Illinois. Both parents of the dog came from the famous Pierpont Morgan kennels. So Judge had a good right to feel proud of his ancestors, and to high rank in dog society.

Judge had the markings of a high-grade, well-bred collie. His new master was justly proud of him, and built a comfortable doghouse in which Judge slept at night, and sometimes in the daytime when no cows were to be rounded up and nothing else occupied him. It may have been an oversight that no extra bed was provided for a guest in the doghouse.

A relative was spending a week-end with father and with the guest came his own dog, a very homely specimen. Before the sun had set the dog spied the vacant doghouse and, being tired, pre-empted the house for a night's sleep.

The intruder could hardly have finished his first cat nap when Judge's bedtime came, and he made for his house to go to bed. But, when he got there, to his utter surprise and visible disgust he found his bed occupied by the unwelcome guest.

You will recall that Campbell in his *Pleasures of Hope* said:

"His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest."

Now Judge cordially saluted the human guest on his arrival but up to this time he paid little attention to the audacious dog.

On this balmy mid-summer evening Judge's master and his guest were sitting in the approaching twilight within view of the doghouse, talking of old-time incidents. Judge often disclosed traits of high intelligence and father was accustomed to watch for such traits to crop out. Father observed the situation that had befallen Judge, and quietly called his guest's attention to the predicament. Both watched to see what would happen.

Both took pains to avoid letting Judge know he was being watched because they did not want to make the dog self-conscious, and they wanted events to take a natural course.

Of course the ordinary dog way would have been for Judge to force the intruder out of his bed by a rough and tumble fight, which half a challenge to the unwelcome one would have brought on, but evolution had carried Judge to a state

of doghood where he seemed to feel above such primitive rowdyism.

The onlookers saw Judge hang his head to one side as if in deep meditation, but his indecision lasted only a moment, when he pricked up his ears and trotted briskly some distance from the doghouse and there set up a vigorous barking.

The sleeping dog, naturally excited by the sudden outburst, rushed to the scene of the barking to find out what it was all about. When Judge saw that his trick worked, he relaxed his ears and paced briskly back to the vacant doghouse, carrying a look of amused satisfaction. And well he might be satisfied, for he caused his bed to be vacated and now took possession of it without committing a breach of the peace.

I have related this event to a number of persons, some of whom made a study of dogs, and all concluded that no escape can be found from the conclusion that Judge reasoned from cause to effect. And, Mr. Reader, can you find any explanation of this episode without assigning to Judge the human faculty of reasoning from cause to effect? And, can any reader conjecture a more peaceable and practicable plan by which Judge could have taken possession of his bed than the one used?

I think it was Madam Roland who said: "The more I see of men the more I like dogs." And Madam Roland was a wise judge of both men and dogs.

...

Humane Sunday, April 11; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 12-17, 1943.



Brown Photos

"INSTINCT AND REASON, HOW DIVIDE?"

Australia's Popular Animal

MABEL IRENE SAVAGE

WHEN Captain James Cook was exploring the coast of Australia in 1770, some of his sailors saw a strange animal watching them. It stood as tall as a grown man, and it rested on its hind legs, propped up from behind by its long thick tail.

The curious sailors tried to get closer, but the timid animal fled in great leaps. To their utter amazement, it remained almost upright in jumping, kicking itself along with its great hind legs alone. It landed with back feet together; then, thumping the ground with its powerful tail, it soared again in another long arc.

This was the white man's first view of the great gray kangaroo, called the "boomer" or "old man" by Australians. It lives today mainly on the plains and open forests of the interior and is the largest of more than 120 species in the queer kangaroo family.

The great gray kangaroo reaches a weight of 200 pounds and a length of ten feet from the nose to the tip of its versatile tail, which usually is the length of the entire animal, divided by two and one half.

This gray monster can cover twenty feet at a single bound and leaps easily over rocks and bushes that turn aside hunting dogs and horseback riders who hunt the kangaroo as the Englishman hunts the fox.

Mother kangaroos are very devoted to their young, and if sudden danger threatens while the young is outside the pouch, the mother will start toward it at full speed, gather it up in her forepaws as she passes, and tuck it in her pouch without seeming to check her flight.

Timid as it is, the kangaroo fights desperately when cornered. With its forepaws it tries to push its attackers down within reach of a forward slashing blow of the terrible claws on its hind feet. It can rip a dog to death with a single stroke. But the kangaroo is never the aggressor, and whatever fate befalls its enemies in battle is a matter of: "You asked for it." When pursued by a dog-pack, a kangaroo very often takes to the water and, if a dog swims out in pursuit, the kangaroo seizes it and holds it under the water until it is drowned. He will avoid a fight if at all possible.

A Kind Deed

It was only a small incident in the grim news of last week, but it served to prove that human kindness still prevails.

The police officer, the thoughtful president of the Angell Memorial Hospital for Animals and an employee of that institution who got together and found two live rabbits to replace those stolen by a meanest thief from two little blind girls was more than just a kind act. It showed once more that goodness in human nature more than offsets the bad.

Even the contemptible act of the thief was overshadowed by the kindness of these three in dropping their routine duties and giving their time to remove sadness from the hearts of the two children. In the week's news the incident shone bright.

—*Boston Post*

The Playful Porpoise

HENRY NICHOLAS

SCIENTISTS have often debated whether dumb animals possess a sense of humor. Even those who take the negative position, however, agree that the porpoise seems at times to possess this peculiarly human trait.

In Marineland in Florida there is a huge three-decked salt water tank. In this enormous tank there are hundreds of salt water fish living amicably together. Once a day a diver goes down into this tank, equipped with a cloth and an automatic cleaner, to clean the floor and sides of the tank. When he enters the tank the fish swim as far away as possible from the diver.

This is true of all of the fish except the porpoise. The porpoise continues to swim back and forth apparently paying no attention to the diver. It even seems to make the pretense of not seeing him. But if the diver relaxes his attention for an instant the porpoise sweeps down on him, grabs the cloth in its mouth, and then dashes to the other side.

There the porpoise swims back and forth, as if it were inviting the diver to catch it and get the cloth back. It shows every indication of pleasure at the trick it has played on the diver. Sometimes the diver enters into the spirit of the game and tries to get the cloth back from the porpoise, but his clumsy movements are no match for the swift gracefulness of the porpoise.

There is no question that the porpoise enjoys human companionship. Its relish for human society, and the happiness with which it plays around a ship, sets the porpoise apart from all other inhabitants of the sea. For centuries it has been the favorite of the sailors of every nation. When porpoises gather around a ship and follow it for awhile on its course,



KIND BOSTON POLICEMAN AIDS BLIND CHILDREN

it is regarded by sailors as an omen of good luck. They regard it as meaning a safe and prosperous voyage. When porpoises approach a ship in the China seas sailors believe it means an approaching storm, and the ship is warned to steer clear of reefs and head for harbor.

Sailors are convinced that many ships have been saved from being wrecked when entering a strange harbor by being piloted by a porpoise. For months a school of about two dozen porpoises regularly met and escorted the United States Government boat on its daily trip down the narrow and dangerous channel to Wrangel, Alaska. It was not until the pilot of the boat became thoroughly familiar with the channel that the porpoises stopped guiding the ship.

The most famous of all porpoises was "Pelorus Jack." He was known to the sailors all over the world. For thirty-two years "Pelorus Jack" met every ship entering Pelorus Sound and piloted it into harbor by swimming out in front. No ship it ever piloted ever suffered damage in entering the harbor. The New Zealand Government passed a special law to protect its life.

New Pets for Blind Children

It was a despicable act to deprive two blind children of a pair of pet rabbits which were stolen recently from the Boston Home for Blind Babies. The children were brought to the Angell Animal Hospital by Police Officer Frederick Perry of Station 10, Roxbury, who was assigned to investigate the theft. The kind-hearted officer's first thought was to obtain another pair of bunnies for the disconsolate children. Although no rabbits were available immediately at the Hospital, an employee, who specializes in raising them at his home, supplied a fine pair at short notice. Two silky, black and white bunnies were presented to the children whose sadness was transformed into joy as they were returned to their home by their kind policeman.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. For terms of permanent endowment apply to Treasurer.



WHITE HOLLAND TURKEY

Meet Mr. Turkey

WILLIAM C. BOLAND

HE'S the noblest game bird in all the world. He struts about proudly and is continually preening his plumage in self-conscious vanity. He's a grand old fellow and typically American. That's Mr. Turkey.

Ever since his featured appearance at our first Thanksgiving Day table back in 1621, the turkey has been held in high esteem by all Americans. He is so cheerfully symbolic of American folkways, in fact, that Benjamin Franklin once proposed him for our national bird.

The turkey which graces our Thanksgiving Day table today is not the wild turkey upon which the Pilgrims and In-

dians first feasted. The present bird is a domesticated offspring of the eastern wild turkey.

The general supposition is that this bird is named turkey because it may have had its origin in the country of Turkey. However, the name is in all probability derived from its call of "turk-turk-turk." The bird was first bred and domesticated by the ancient Incas and Aztecs and was introduced into Europe by Vasco de Gama over four hundred years ago.

The turkey is a beautiful big bird. He wears a fine, heavy plumage and has a long, fan-shaped tail. He is quite proud of the coat nature gave him and does not hesitate to show it off.

Mr. Turkey and his mate take great care of their young. The eight to fifteen eggs hatched by the female are laid in a hole, scooped in the ground, which has been lined with leaves. Such holes are usually made behind some natural camouflage, such as a tree or bush. This is done to protect the nest from prowling strangers. Sometimes several mothers use the same nest.

The fine flavor of the wild turkey! That is possible because this bird's diet consists chiefly of berries, seeds, and grains.

Although this bird did not supplant

The Hummingbird

Leslie Clare Manchester

*Sailor of Seas in a Butterfly Bush,
Island to island of lavender bloom,
You have I seen in the dewy-sweet morn;
You have I known in the day's first gloom.
You have I found in scarlet and jade,
Silken in woof from a mystic loom:
Mariner gay of Blossomy Shade.*

*Floating aloft in a universe,
Purple and fragrant with lifted sprays,
There have you swung on the tides of the wind
Out on the headlands, into the bays
Taking as cargo the dew and the wine
Stored in the ports of flowery days:
Sailor of Summer, Sailor of Mine.*

the eagle as our national bird, he is without question one of the most popular and best known of our domestic birds. It is probably because he is so thoroughly American.

What animals require, and what it is our duty to accord them, is plain elementary "Justice."

JACK LONDON

The hunting season is on. It is the open season for slaughter. How many hunters would sally forth with their guns if the various kinds of game also carried guns? But that would only be fair play.

True nature lovers advocate game protection because they revere wildlife and want birds and animals to increase their numbers. They desire furred and feathered creatures to live in contentment with complete freedom from molestation.



CANADA GEESE, PHOTOGRAPHED ON CAPE COD—PRIZE-WINNING PHOTO

On Dogs

Salvatore Marsiglia

*A dog inspired by the love
Returned to him by master men
Will share in man's eternal strife
And sacrifice his very life.*

*He does not ask for very much —
Except a kind word now and then;
He does not even ask a bed
To lay his tired heart and head.*

*He does not ask a sumptuous meal
Perhaps partook by royal dogs;
A bone will satisfy his need,
Nor will he flaunt a vulgar greed.*

*A hand to scratch behind his ears;
A hand to stroke beneath his jaw;
A romp through wooded glade and hill
With canine joy his heart to fill.*

*It matters not the breed; oh, no!
All dogs are very much the same;
A mongrel without pedigree —
A dog of blooded ancestry.*

*Their hearts are both in one accord —
Though one may prouder be.
They'll share in man's eternal strife,
Or sacrifice their very life.*

Care for Soldiers' Dogs

GENEVRA BUSH GIBSON

WHAT does a soldier do with his dog when he gets ready to go off to the army?

He may put it in the Wags or Canine Corps providing the dog can pass the tests, he may leave it at home as the vast majority of the soldiers do, or he may ship it to some relative down on the farm.

To provide for the latter exigency the Railway Express has special crates for any size dog from a Peke to a Great Dane. The crates which are made of wood are sandpapered inside so that there will be no splinters. In addition there is a pointed roof so that nothing can be packed on top of it. Slats in the front and in the top give light and air and allow the dog to find out what is going on. A pan for food and a container for water are also furnished.

When the owner gives the dog over to the delivery man, he has to furnish a health certificate from a veterinarian. Likewise the shipping agent at the train has to sign a statement that the dog has been supplied with food and water and appeared in good health at the outset of the journey.

Attached to the crate is a special form something like the nurse's chart for a hospital patient. On this form go notations of every bit of handling: feeding, watering, sickness, any odd behavior. If

A Naval Hero Honored



REAR ADMIRAL FREDERICK C. SHERMAN RECEIVES MEDAL FROM ERIC H. HANSEN, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, IN RECOGNITION OF HIS HUMANE AND HEROIC ACT IN RESCUING HIS DOG, "ADMIRAL WAGS," FROM THE BURNING AIRCRAFT CARRIER LEXINGTON IN THE CORAL SEA. THE PRESENTATION WAS MADE AFTER THE NEW LEXINGTON WAS LAUNCHED AT FORE RIVER SHIPYARD, SEPTEMBER 26.

it is a long journey, the dog is given a chance to stretch his legs on a station platform at some point of the trip and the time and place are daily set down on the chart. Once in a long time a frisky pup slips his leash while out for the constitutional and there is considerable hubbub to catch him. The company says this rarely happens, and then the dog is practically always rescued.

Soldiers are always encouraged to tack a note of instructions on the crate. Many of them run in the vein of the following which was attached to the crate of a German Shepherd: "This is not a vicious dog. He is a pup and likes to play. He should be fed once a day but needs plenty of water. Any exercise that can be given the dog, and any amusement of such animal during the trip, will be much appreciated by the dog's master who is looking forward to seeing him when the war is over. His name is 'Joe.'"

Always Welcome

FRED CORNELIUS

We live near a large Army camp, and I have been pleased to learn how kind soldiers are to all dogs. I have never seen a soldier mistreat a dog in any way. No matter how bedraggled and dirty the dog may be, he is always welcome. More than once, I have seen a soldier divide his meal with some hungry dog that has found its way into the camp.

And a dog will follow marching soldiers all day long, no matter how rough the going is. And, no matter how short the ration is, the soldier manages in some way to find a few scraps for the dog he thinks so much of at the end of a long march.

Yes, if a dog could speak, I am sure he would say:

"There is something about a soldier that is fine!"

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1942

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about 300 words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 500 words nor verse in excess of twenty-four lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Hunter and the War

ONE of these days we hope the non-hunting friends of wild life will demand their share of our migratory birds in order to enjoy the pleasure of their life with us in the air, as well as on land and sea.

Like many others interested in the protection and preservation of the birds, we had hoped, unfortunately in vain, that now that the nation is at war, the hunting season would be cut short and a closed season on many species imposed. Instead of that, it would seem that the open season in some cases has been extended in order to permit the so-called sportsmen an opportunity to hunt to their hearts' content.

Yes—the destruction must go on regardless. Gasoline and tires to get to duck blinds, new hunting clothes, guns, ammunition, etc., hardly seem to fit into the picture of a nation tightening its belt for the struggle ahead. Make the comparison between one of our soldiers in a kill or be-killed fight with the enemy in the jungles of the Solomons, and the hunter, well-clothed and fed, sitting in a blind, waiting for a duck to come over. Well—why go on. It's too disheartening to even think about.

A Wife's Dedication of a Husband's Book

What a legion they were—his friends. Some of them were real saints in his eyes. And some of them were real sinners, too. And he knew it. And he never cast a stone.

This May Answer Your Questions

THE following letter to one of our good members who asked certain questions with regard to the feeding of dogs, may interest you:

"I have just submitted your letter and the article that you enclosed to a member of our staff who is really an expert in this matter of feeding dogs.

"He tells me that the article is a valuable one and that its statements are to be accepted. Of course in this matter of feeding, starches like potatoes and also fats are all right, but they would naturally be in moderation with other foods. Where there are scraps enough left from the family table to take care of the dog, there is really nothing better than that, if they have the proper amount of these various foods. In these times when meat is so scarce, the element that is lacking from the left-over table scraps would be meat or protein. Horse meat is also available, Dr. Munson says, at a time like this.

"I am also enclosing a leaflet which will give you our latest directions with regard to this whole subject. Any diet that contains a reasonably high percentage of table scraps will have an adequate amount of vitamins.

"As to vitamins, the Doctor tells me that no one is really sufficient—that most deficiencies are multiple deficiencies rather than a deficiency of a single vitamin—and that if one finds it necessary to use vitamins, they should be the complete vitamins—A, B, C, D and G. Many of the pharmaceutical houses produce capsules containing all of these vitamins.

"Only individual animals cannot digest the white of uncooked eggs; the majority can, if not fed in excess. The mature dog does not need fresh milk if the diet contains the necessary minerals.

Sincerely yours"

A Better World for Man and Animals

The above phrase is the fine slogan of the Australian branch of the World League for Protection of Animals in Sydney. Their interesting quarterly bulletin, "The Animals' Champion," has just reached our desk, and we are of course much pleased to find that the editors featured Dr. Rowley's leaflet entitled "The Animal or The Child."

When the manufacturers of guns, to be used particularly for killing wild life, congratulate themselves on being able to make the most accurate and deadly guns "for," as they say, "the lovers of wild life" to kill, one wonders just who the "lovers of wild life" are.

The Russian Cossack

WITH the approach of winter, the value of the horse in modern warfare will prove itself. Russia recognizes this. No other combatant power has developed her equine resources in comparable measure. Russia's cavalry is highly developed, and during the bitter winter months just ahead, it will see plenty of action.

Paul Holt, of the London Daily Express, recently paid a visit to Colonel Michael Sarjikov, commander of a Cossacks division. Here are some of the highlights of the interview:

"The Cossacks are the glamour corps of the Red Army.

"There are three kinds of Cossacks—Kuban, Orenberg and Don. They can be recognized by the color of their bashliks or hoods. The Kubanski hood is red, the Orenberg, blue, and the Don, gray.

"They are mostly farmers and ride on shaggy, Siberian ponies. These tough little animals can carry more weight than an Irish hunter, and they often travel twenty to fifty miles a day under winter conditions, carrying a rider equipped with sabre, tommy gun, revolver—some with anti-tank equipment too.

"The horses are trained to lie down and get up again swiftly, without the rider dismounting, and no Cossack horse is bothered by gunfire."

In London, the Royal S. P. C. A. War Animals Fund, under the leadership of Mrs. Winston Churchill, has already forwarded many thousands of dollars to the Russian Veterinary Corps. The drive is a worthy one, deserving support.

Fined for Putting Cat in Mailbox

Fred F. Hall, our prosecuting officer in Springfield, recently caused the arrest of a 22-year-old war plant worker. The defendant admitted to Hall and postal inspectors that he had put a live cat in a mailbox one night while waiting for a bus to take him to his place of employment.

Aside from the seriousness of the cruelty involved, postal officials said that anyone who thinks lightly of pranks in which mailboxes are connected will, in all cases where apprehension is possible, certainly change his ideas.

In court recently, the offender was convicted of cruelty to animals and fined ten dollars. The United States District Attorney is looking into the matter of Federal charges.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. when making your will. See back page for proper form of bequests, also for annuity rates.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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W. W. HASWELL, Superintendent

Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

Boston, 170-184 Longwood Avenue

Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street

Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road

Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue

Hyannis, State Road, Rte. 28, Centerville

Wenham, Cherry Street

SEPTEMBER REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	17,025
Cases investigated	305
Animals examined	7,659
Animals placed in homes	267
Lost animals restored to owners	93
Number of prosecutions	8
Number of convictions	8
Horses taken from work	50
Horses humanely put to sleep	37
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,602
Horse auctions attended	17
Stockyards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	85,805
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	28

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue. Telephone, Longwood 6100

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T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

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HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

*On leave of absence—military service

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	1,024
Cases entered in Dispensary	1,923
Operations	317

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	207
Cases entered in Dispensary	783
Operations	115

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	70
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Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	211,810
Dispensary cases	535,217
Total	747,027

Branches and Auxiliaries MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—WAYLAND L. BROWN, Pres.; MISS ELIZABETH A. FOSTER, Treas.

Great Barrington Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. ROBERT MAGRUDER, Pres.; MRS. DONALD WORTHINGTON, Treas.

Holyoke Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—ARTHUR RYAN, Pres.; MRS. ROBERT E. NEWCOMB, Treas.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. CARLTON H. GARINGER, Pres.; MRS. RICHARD A. BOOTH, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.

Boston Work Committee of Mass. S. P. C. A.—MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Chairman.

Important Announcement

Owing to war-time conditions, we have decided to suspend the publication of our Humane Calendar for the coming year. This is in accord with conservation measures which are so widely recommended.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies of the magazine so mutilated will be replaced by us upon application, if so desired.

Veterinary Column

Question. It is fast becoming increasingly difficult to obtain the fresh hamburger and canned dog foods to which my dog is accustomed. I should like to know what we are to feed our animals as customary foods become scarce in wartime.

Answer. Dogs do not require the quantities of lean fresh meat often fed to them by their conscientious owners. Indeed, the poorer grades of meat and the internal organs are often preferable. Animals, like humans, require proteins, carbohydrates, fats, vitamins, and minerals; and an adequate diet must contain all of these in sufficient quantity.

In lieu of fresh beef and lamb cuts, other sources of protein may be fed. Horse meat is excellent food for dogs, and many of the markets now carry it in a frozen state. Boiled fish, thoroughly boned, or ground fish may be fed. Table scraps, milk, eggs, and cheese are items of which we still have sufficient. The hunter or chicken farmer will feed discarded portions of rabbits, chickens, etc. Marrow bones, meat and bone meals, soups and stews made from bones and scraps may all be fed as sources of protein.

As for carbohydrates, dog biscuits are still in abundance on the market. Nearly any of the dry breakfast cereals or cooked cereals are excellent foods. Stale bread or rice may also be fed.

Fats are often discarded when they would be deeply appreciated by the canine members of the family. For example, fats skimmed from soups, bacon or sausage drippings, bacon rind, fat trimmed from beef or lamb, or scraps of cheese will nourish the dog. Contrary to the opinion of many dog owners, fat is a necessary adjunct to the diet; it furnishes energy and aids in proper elimination.

Vitamins, much discussed among people, are necessary for health. They are obtained in milk, raw meat, fruits, and vegetables, especially the green and yellow vegetables. Vegetables and fruits should be cooked and mashed, with the exception of green vegetables such as lettuce and chopped cabbage. The addition of fish oils is recommended for the puppy which must have more vitamin D in order to build strong bones.

Minerals are obtained in meat, milk, fish, fruits, vegetables, blood and bone meals, marrow bones.

The dog should always have plenty of fresh water available.

The quantity of food necessarily varies with the size, breed, sex, age, and amount of exercise taken by the individual dog.

Probably many dog owners will wish to feed the new dehydrated foods which are rapidly gaining in popularity. Some

(Continued on next page)



Founded by Geo. T. Angell

Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark. Virginia

Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1942

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 144

Number of addresses made, 117

Number of persons in audiences, 22,004

Gifts for Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Veterinary Col. (Continued)

of these foods are splendid, and your veterinarian can advise you as to the best ones to select. To these one can add milk or melted fat in preference to simply water. Table scraps may also be mixed with these dry foods.

Once your dog becomes accustomed to his changed diet, he will be as contented as he was with his canned food and fresh hamburger. Although it becomes necessary to ration some foods and to go without others, there remains sufficient to feed our dogs if we but change their eating habits. In England the dog owner may have to deprive himself in order to feed his dog, but here it is still only a question of adjusting his diet to those foods which are still present in abundance.

R. M. B., Veterinary Dept.

Angell Animal Hospital

Pets and Children

In the home children should be taught to care for their pets, to be gentle and patient with them, to feed and water them regularly.

This way they will develop sense of responsibility and thoughtfulness, and their pets will repay them for their kindness by faithfulness and devotion.

Through humane education we may counteract the evil effects of brutality so that children may be imbued with the high ideals of compassion and love of justice.

Kindness springs from the heart, and by instilling in the minds of the children right thinking as to their relationship towards animals and their fellow-beings we will pave the way for the reconstruction which must come.

—Boston Traveler

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for May, 1942

Daily average large animals: 12.7.

Animals put to sleep: 1.

Entries: 6 horses, 16 mules, 31 donkeys.

Exits: 6 horses, 15 mules, 32 donkeys.

Out-patients: 234 horses, 187 mules, 346 donkeys.

5 dogs, 20 cats, 2 oxen.

Fondouks visited 380

Animals inspected 6,310

Animals treated 447

Animals sent to Hospital 130

Pack-saddles destroyed 5

Arab-bits destroyed 2

Animals sent by Police Dept. 5

The amount of our expenses for this month is \$237.69.

GUY DELON

Superintendent

There isn't much difference between "sportsmen" and "game hogs" who violate the laws in hunting wild game during the open season. If they must shoot something why don't they enlist in the armed forces and be on an equal footing? suggests Editor Byrnes in Pueblo (Col.) Indicator.

Martyrs for Freedom

VINCENT EDWARDS

IT is impossible to sit through that recent movie "Eagle Squadron" without being stirred to a liking for the playful kitten that one of the Yankee flyers in the R.A.F. carries along as a mascot. At the end of the picture when a Commando raid has been successfully carried on a German airfield, the torn, broken body of this faithful creature is shown lying alongside a dead Briton—as much a martyr in the fight as the brave men themselves.

This incident recalls a long record of the heroism of animals in the last war. Who can ever forget "Bruce," the staunch little Scottish terrier in the British Navy? When the great battleship *H.M.S. Formidable* was sinking, Captain Loxley was last seen standing calmly on the bridge, a cigarette between his lips and a quiet smile lighting his face. And right beside him, just as calm and untroubled, stood Bruce, ready to share with his master their last great adventure together.

Not all aboard *H.M.S. Formidable* drowned. One seaman by the name of Jack Cowan was rescued and brought ashore in an unconscious condition. He was taken into a hotel at Lyme Regis and efforts made to revive him, but all in vain. Then a strange thing happened. A shaggy-coated collie called "Lassie" stole into the kitchen where Cowan's body was lying, walked over to the seaman, then lay down beside him and began to lick his face. She kept it up steadily for half an hour or more. All at once a faint moan was heard from the supposedly dead man, which was followed by a slight movement of his body. The people watching resumed their respiration efforts, and Cowan was soon brought around. Thanks to a devoted dog, his life was saved.

It was because of such loyalty and sacrifice on the part of animals that the Bishops of the Church of England were glad to give ear to a request of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and have a special prayer read in all the churches. This prayer is so fine and appropriate that it is doubtless being used in the present war. It reads:

"And for those also, O Lord, the humble beasts, who with us bear the burden and heat of the day, and offer their guileless lives for the well-being of their countries, we supplicate Thy great tenderness of heart for Thou hast promised to save both man and beast, and great is Thy loving-kindness, O Master, Saviour of the world. Lord have mercy. Amen."

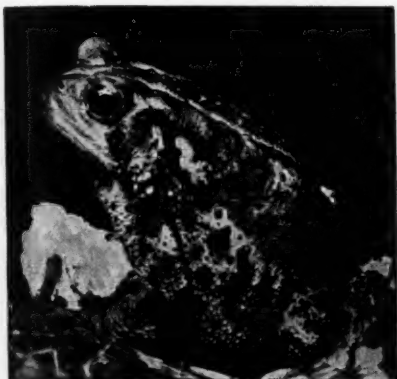
Please remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston, in your will.

Our Humble Helper—the Toad

ROBERT B. PATTISON

WHENEVER you see a toad what do you think of? Repulsive things, perhaps, like snakes, lizards, giants with horrid faces, or something that wears a strange skin and has awkward arms and legs.

Or perhaps you think of funny things when you see a toad. It certainly looks funny enough, squatty and speckled, something like a plump clown in a circus.



THE GARDEN PROTECTOR

Whether ugly or funny, it is lucky for us that the toad is colored like the dirt. He is protected by his brownish coat, though you might wish him covered with a bright one. If he were handsome and brilliant in colors, he would be seen too easily by the insects he wants to catch as his food. "Beauty is only skin-deep"; ugliness may be also!

It is also lucky for you that his hands are so pudgy, though you might wish his four ugly-looking fingers were more beautiful. But he needs those thickish hands to steady him whenever he tries to hit his target. His target is always some bug or fly, and the arrow he shoots with is his tongue.

We forget all about his ugliness when we learn how useful the toad really is. His work is to catch and devour thousands of garden insects. And thousands of them every month. All sorts of them, beetles and crickets, weevils and grasshoppers, yellow jackets and ants, moths and snails, bugs and caterpillars.

Insects eat fruit and vegetables by the ton every year; but insects are food for the toad. If there were too many insects there would soon be too little food left; you would be starving while beetles and caterpillars were getting fat on leaves of lettuce and apple blossoms and potato vines. So unless the toads ate the insects, boys and girls and their parents also would not have so many fine pears and juicy peas and good potatoes for their dining table.

One toad can devour seven house-flies in a minute. One toad can eat up ten

mosquitoes in sixty seconds. Small bugs disappear very rapidly when the toad gets busy in the garden. His tongue flashes out and gets an insect so quickly that you can hardly see it swiftly go out and swiftly go back in again, each time with a beetle or ant on its sticky surface.

Perhaps you have never seen the toad working so hard. That is because it eats most while you are sleeping, and may be hidden all day in a hole it has kicked out under your cabbage leaves or beneath your garden steps. But you can watch it under the electric light in the street, and see how quickly it jumps whenever a moth drops down, burned by the light above, or injured by striking the globe up there. Nor does it need to move very much for the food the light sends down by the air-chute. No wonder the toad is fat and well-fed.

It has been reckoned that every toad is worth thirty dollars a year to a farmer or a gardener. They are like the birds that protect us safely from our insect enemies and provide us great quantities of wholesome food day after day.

A foolish or cruel boy might kill a toad. A wise one would save it and be thankful for its usefulness, even if it looks so ugly. You may have heard about a famous English warrior named The Duke of Wellington, the very general who conquered Napoleon the greatest fighter of France, when he won the battle of Waterloo. The great Duke had a toad in his garden and he had watched it eat insects so that he knew it was a valuable little friend of his; so much so that before the Duke died he left a special wish that the toad be cared for and allowed to stay in the garden with the fruit trees and vegetables it saved for the house table. Never harm the toad. He is homely and humble but helpful and created for our protection.



SHEEP GRAZE IN PEACE UNDER WATCHFUL CARE

An Old, Old Kindness Story

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

ONE of the most beautiful stories of kindness to animals is found in the thirty-third chapter of Genesis.

The brother enemies, Jacob and Esau, had become reconciled, and Jacob had received permission to pass through Esau's country, Edom, with his family and servants, his flocks and herds to a new dwelling place.

Esau courteously proposed to Jacob that they two go forward together. Esau's servants would then drive the flocks after them, but Jacob was very anxious about the little children of the company and about his flocks and herds. He told Esau that the children were tender, and that many of his animals were with young. He asked Esau to go alone, and to let him lead the caravan himself. "I will lead on softly, according as the cattle that goeth before me and the children be able to endure, until I come unto my Lord unto Seir," was the way Jacob put the matter.

Esau gladly fell in with this plan and went ahead to Seir where the brothers parted upon Jacob's arrival. Jacob then "led on softly" to Succoth, his new home, at the pace that the children and the flocks had set.

This story of this ancient farmer, Jacob, of immortal fame, calls to mind one part of a prayer for farmers to say today, written not so long ago by an Englishman: "Make us good neighbors one of another. Stir up in us a kindly management and understanding of all beasts and birds, domestic and wild, among whom we work, remembering that by Thy hand we and they and the whole earth were and are created."

They Cry in the Night

CONRAD O. PETERSON

THE day had been one in which strong north winds peppered the outdoors with bits of driven snow. With the darkness of evening the wind increased its velocity until its blasts shook the house. I rushed outdoors to make sure that the garage doors were securely fastened.

Suddenly, I stopped, and listened! Up above in the roaring darkness I heard an eerie cry! "Geese!" I exclaimed, "Wild Geese!"

I knew what had happened. The wild geese, in their southward flight, had been frustrated in their attempt to land before the approach of the wild windy evening. Man, was the answer! Man, with his gun!

Wild geese fly by instinct. This instinct tells them of approaching bad weather, and when this happens while on their southward flight they at once look for a place to land. Usually an open field or small lake.

But sometimes a hunter appears. The blast of his gun frightens the geese and they then must travel onward, against their better judgment. They *should* land for safety, but dare not. Often too, the hunter will fire into the air in an effort to kill and by so doing will break up their formation.

This V shaped formation serves them well when darkness approaches, because they can follow their leader with a great degree of safety. The leader at the point of the V is usually an experienced traveler and is one who has shown his ability to lead.

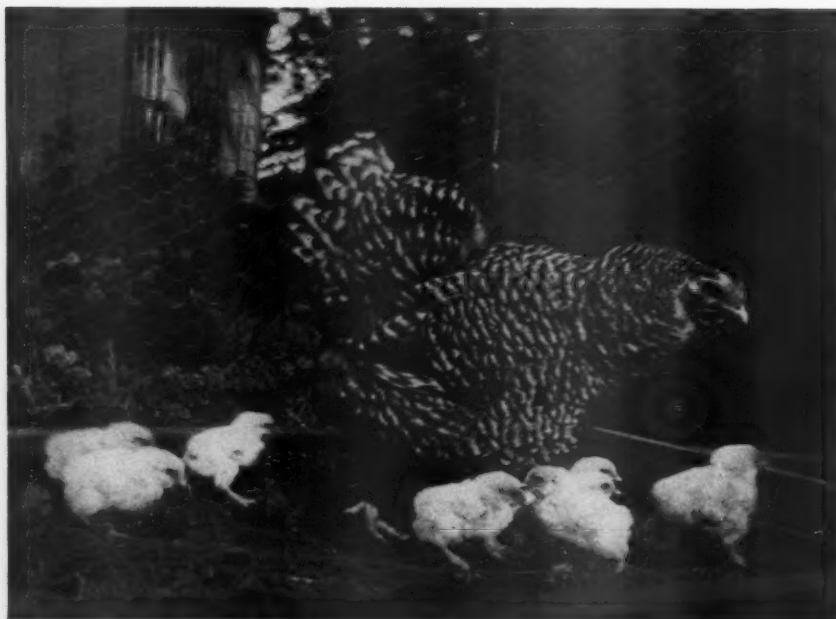
It is when this formation is broken



SNOWY OWL

and the geese become scattered, that their trouble commences. They do not know where to land and as the weather becomes more severe, many must perish.

Wild geese left to their own devices can well protect themselves. Nature has endowed them with the ability and instinct to combat the elements and to forage for themselves. But they live in terror of man and his gun.



A PROUD BIDDY AND HER BROOD

Pioneers in Kindness

MARY AGNES COLVILLE

IT is gratifying to know that two hundred years ago, long before the formal organization of any humane movement, there were outstanding individual cases of genuine interest in the welfare of animals.

In England in the year 1722, John, Duke of Montague, a son-in-law of John Churchill, the famous Duke of Marlborough, had a hospital equipped for the care of aged horses and cows. None of the Duke of Montague's servants dared to take it upon themselves to kill a broken-winded horse who could no longer be used as a mount. Instead the servant knew well that he was expected to bring the animal at once to the Duke's hospital—where it could rest indefinitely, and receive the best of care to the end of its days.

Cows also who had grown old in the faithful service of the Duke's family were treated with equal consideration, and given all necessary hospitalization and care.

The Duke was also very fond of an ugly appearing old lap-dog, always preferring its society to that of other pets. He lavished much affection on the homely and aged canine.

The benevolent Duke was quoted by his friends as saying that he preferred the old or ugly pets, because no one else would be likely to be kind to them. The Duke reasoned wisely that these were in need of a good friend far more than the alert, attractive animals on the large estate.

Certainly, the animals which he owned were very fortunate to have such a thoughtful master and champion in an era when there was little general interest in animals, and much heedlessness, as well as extreme cruelty practised toward them by many people.

The Duke of Montague was a pioneer in kindness toward dependent dumb creatures. But his benevolence, fortunately, did not prove an isolated case, though his unique idea of an animal hospital privately maintained for the comfort of his own horses and cows, was a singular undertaking. There were, however, among the more thinking persons in different walks of life, in that and other countries, other pioneers in kindness, even at that date. These, possessing similar feelings to those of the Duke, held themselves personally responsible for at least treating kindly those animals for which they were directly accountable. They planted a seed that later germinated into a more wide-spread beneficence toward animals throughout the world.

The lack of humane education is the principal cause of cruelty and crime.

Antlered Animals

V. T. JOHNSON

THE deer, with a full set of antlers, cuts one of the most impressive figures of all animals. Certain species, such as the Wapiti, or Elk, the rare Tibetan Shou, and the Moose, display magnificent sets, often measuring up to six feet in length and weighing in the neighborhood of a hundred pounds. This may not seem such a marvelous accomplishment until we learn that early in the spring the males shed last season's horns and begin to grow a new pair of antlers.

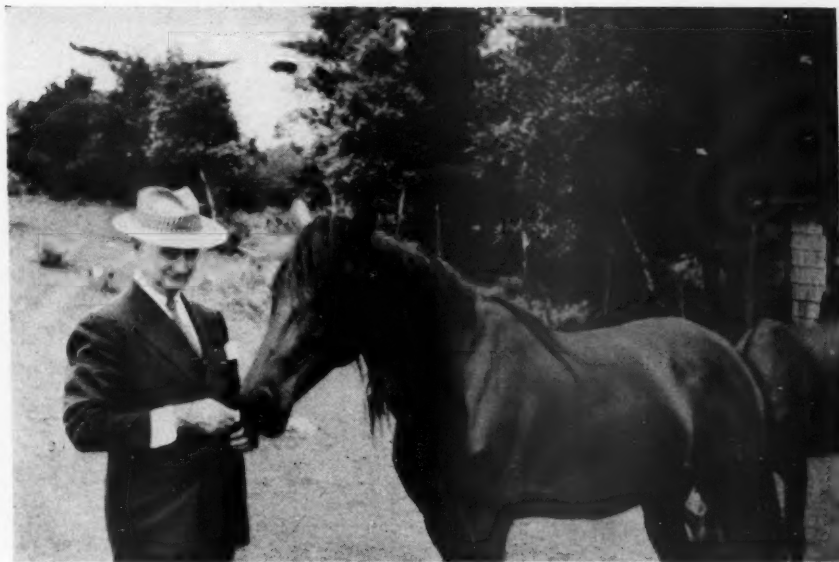
Naturalists and biologists the world over have been trying to penetrate the mystery of this unusual feat. How can a deer, in the matter of only a few months, produce such a large amount of living bone tissue, which often outweighs the entire bulk of its own skeleton? It is truly a mystery, equal to that which surrounds the migration of certain birds and fishes, or the smoothly performing social organizations of the ant or bee.

To the deer the process of growing a new set of antlers and conditioning them for future use is a rather tedious as well as a painful job. During June and July a stag's antlers are in the "velvet" stage. This "velvet" which covers the new antlers in early season is a real growth of skin, containing nerves, glands, blood vessels, and even a light coating of soft hair. Its function is primarily to protect the antlers for they are extremely soft and tender. Frequently they are injured in the heavy brush and bleed freely. Nothing excites the deer quite so much as the sight of blood dripping from his antlers and he'll tear about in a frenzy trying to escape the sight.

The moose, cagey animal that he is, realizes that he would be no match for his enemies while in the "velvet" stage. So he wisely retires to the swamps and marshy regions quietly biding his time. But once his antlers have hardened Old Man Moose emerges and commands a wide berth—and gets it!

Along about the middle of August the deer's antlers begin to harden. Writers differ on the method the deer uses to accomplish this. However the antlers are fairly hard now and the "velvet" begins to peel off. During this period it is not unusual to see the bucks rubbing their horns against the trunks of trees or heavy shrubbery. The drying seems to set up an irritation. At the end of about two weeks the "velvet" is no more, leaving the antlers white and smooth as a polished tusk.

These glistening white antlers, which the bucks carry so majestically, are grown primarily to serve as weapons during the mating season. This is an important period in the deer's life for when the stag "bells" his challenge from a



Judge Murphy at His "Sportvale" Farm

Judge Charles S. Murphy of Worcester Co., Massachusetts, is a well-known horseman who is the owner of a fine estate called "Sportvale." His place is in the town of Paxton and contains 127

acres of land. It is his custom to have a Murphy Day each year when thousands gather from all over New England to enjoy the Judge's hospitality and see his interesting collection of animals.

lofty outpost and one of his rivals answers from a thicket his life may well depend upon his set of antlers.

As soon as the pairing season is past the buck sheds his antlers. This is brought about by the "corona"—a ring of bony tissue near the base of the antlers, which gradually becomes so hard and dense that it completely shuts off the flow of blood. Slowly but surely the antlers die and are shed in much the same manner as a tree sheds its leaves.

A Haven for the Wild

CALVIN WALKER

THERE are no buildings on the muddy shores of Goose Pond. And, somehow, I hope there never will be. It is only a small body of water, nestled like an oval mirror in a frame of variegated forestry. A faint trail, as meandering as a cow path, connects it with the outside world. On the fringe of its muddy collar, enormous rocks like tireless sentinels, flaunt the encroaching timber.

Here, in the quiet of the night, deer come down to slake their thirst; leaving in the soft muck, the cloven pressure of their hoofs. And the red fox, furtive and cunning, marks his passage with even, four-toed impressions. There are others too, that, moving stealthily, come down from the hills. The wise old raccoon, with his humanized paws, the lordly skunk with his curving claws, and the imperturbable porcupine on his padded, stubby feet. All of these, and more, fre-

quent the languid waters of Goose Pond.

I suppose the water is very blue there now. With winter coming on I imagine it is reflecting the rich azure of the sky. I suppose, too, that it is dotted with the colorful leaves of the sugar maple—in death the most beautiful of all foliage. And there will be somber oak leaves, and the dull brown of lanceolate elm, and the serrated darkness of the walnut. And, less common perhaps, there will be occasional maroon-colored ivy, and sumac and woodbine. Like tiny sailboats they'll be catching every breeze; following it, running out to leeward.

I don't know why it is called Goose Pond; unless, perhaps, at this time of year, the migrating geese make it a resting point. Certainly I never saw any of them; although, in the deep of the night, I have heard the thrilling honk of their passage. But I have seen ducks there, furrowing the water like a miniature flotilla of destroyers; and a crane in the thin depth at the north end, his spindled legs seemingly too frail for so stout a body. I have seen turtles, too, carrying their ancient armor in slow progress along the bottom.

Man, on the whole, has been good to wild life. He has set apart natural sites for the heritage of the future. Although Goose Pond is not part of a reservation, I hope it will never know the bark of a rifle. I hope, when this war is over, men will set aside the gun; will, like the little pond in the hills, be an open world to a peaceful way of life.

Little Furry Things

Rose Leary Love

Pity the little furry things that run upon the snow,
Leaving fairy footprints as scampering on they go.
Their ears a-tingle with the noise of the hunter's deadly gun,
They stop a while to listen: then on they wildly run.
Seeking any shelter from the ruthless hand of man,
Who pursues them with a vengeance as hard as e'er he can.
Pity the little furry things whose bodies racked with pain
Pausing for an instant to catch their breath again.
But lo, the hunter sees their forms, his gun has caught the range
And the weary little furry things will never rise again.
Their wild eyes vainly look around as they struggle hard to rise,
But soon their tired bodies will lie still beneath the skies.
O little velvet furry things, you did not die alone,
For a Great Heart listened from above to thy last expiring groan.
Somehow I think that he is glad that once more you can rest
Beneath the mantle of the snow and against the warm earth's breast.

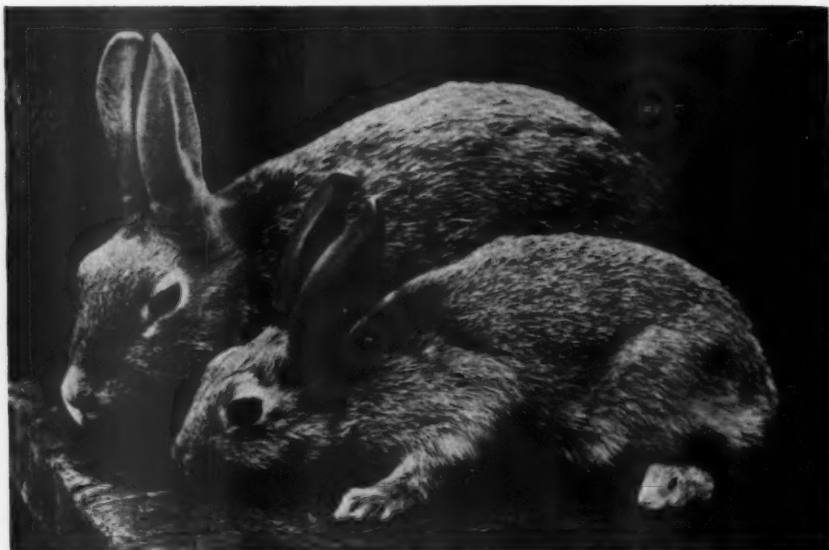
Friendly Cottontails

GLADYS JORDAN

OF all our American mammals there are few, if any, better known and loved than dear old, "Brer Rabbit," our friendly cottontail. In folklore, in literature, and in the hearts of the children, he has a definite place of his own.

Having characteristics of both the hares and the rabbits the cottontails have certain distinctive differences. They are smaller than most American hares and they are far more plentiful. Their fluffy, cottony white tails are quite positively their own. No other rabbit can even obtain a copy. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian border through the Argentina they do a hop, skip and jump, their white flag identifying them everywhere. On the heights and on the low-lands they are equally at home. They take life as they find it and seem to find joy in living.

Yet, common as they are, they know quite well how to conceal themselves and their homes. Often they make "forms," in the thickets or in the dense grass. Lacking this natural cover, they burrow into the ground where they take refuge from their enemies when closely pursued. In this respect they differ from their cousins, the hares, who seek safety in flight and scorn all burrows, depending



LARGE EARS DETECT EVERY THREATENING SOUND

solely upon their remarkable speed and zigzag course when followed by dogs or other enemies.

Blackouts hold no fear for the cottontails. Rather, they wait for the night, when they come out into the open and gather lush salad greens for supper and gambol on the green or chase each other over the dark, friendly earth. They seem to love the moonlight and the shadows. And often they would pass unnoticed were it not for the cottonball tail that bobs up and down like a rubber ball on the crest of a wave. I've seen them on the edge of the forest, along a country road, in the glare of an auto-light and felt a quick desire to pick them up and carry them away for playmates.

If you are fortunate enough to find a cottontail nest you will find an artist's labor of love. If above ground, it will be in a slight hollow, and made of dried grasses. Then from her own body the mother rabbit has pulled the softest of fur and carefully lined the babies' nest. After finishing it to her satisfaction she skillfully conceals it by covering it with more dead grass and leaves.

Several litters appear during the early spring months. The tiny babies are blind and helpless, whereas their cousins, the hares, are wide-eyed and fully clad when they come into the world.

In some places the cottontails are protected by law as are game animals. Certainly they provided food for our early settlers when starvation was close at hand, and many a wanderer, lost in the woods, has owed his life to the humble rabbit. But to many of us they are as distinctive as their name. They are symbolic of joy and beauty and freedom and, as Lincoln once said of the common people, "God must have loved them to have made so many of them."

Animals' Ears

WHEN you see a rabbit running, notice its ears, and you will see that they are laid back flat on its neck. This is not a chance position, nor is it due to the weight of the ears; it is a provision of nature for the little animal's protection. It is one of the hunted, you see, and not one of the hunters.

It is different with the fox and the wolf; their ears, as they run, are thrust sharply forward, for they are of the hunters. As the rabbit must run away to escape danger, its enemies are always behind it, and, therefore, nature has given it large ears to catch every sound and the habit of throwing them back, because its danger comes from that direction. As the fox and the wolf must run after their prey, nature has given them the habit of thrusting their ears forward.

Just how careful nature is in these matters, and how she suits conditions to surroundings, may be seen in the jack-rabbit of the Western prairies. It is the natural prey of the wolf, and, as it is in more danger than our rabbits are, its ears have been made a good deal larger and longer, the better to hear the sounds made by its enemy.

You have seen a horse thrust his ears forward quickly when anything startles him; that is his instinctive movement to catch every threatening sound.

How wisely the Creator has adapted each animal's body to the kind of life it is to live!

"Whatsoever of joy or sorrow thou sowest in the heart of any creature, that shalt thou reap in thine own heart."

Old proverb

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

New Bands of Mercy

One hundred and fifty new Bands of Mercy were organized during August and September. These were distributed as follows:

Florida	56
Georgia	40
Virginia	28
Pennsylvania	19
Michigan	4
Minnesota	1
Texas	1
Vermont	1

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 264,161.

Children and Animals

HOW naturally children are drawn to animals, and what a fund of enjoyment they both derive from each other's company. The need is that this friendly tie be strengthened and, at the earliest age, it be instilled in the child that he has a responsibility to his animal friend, to treat him kindly, and to look after his requirements of food, shelter, and a due amount of liberty. Humane Education aims at emphasizing the value of this comradeship in its effect on the character of the child, and at the same time the animal responds with fine qualities of devotion and affection.

There are movements in our midst fostering co-ordination between children and animals, and in America this has expanded to a remarkable extent. The American Humane Education Society has formed 264,000 junior Humane Groups, or Bands of Mercy, in which more than 6,000,000 children have been enrolled. The Happiness for Animals' Club aims at no less a proportionate result.

The contacting of the Children's Library Movement has become a source of inspiration to animal welfare enthusiasts, as we discern far reaching possibilities in co-ordinating for mutual service.

—The Animals' Champion of Australasia

Odd Fish Facts

WILBERT N. SAVAGE

THE rolling ocean waves, so monotonous in their movement, hide beauties more vivid and shapes indefinitely more strange than any dry-land vista.

The flying fish is one of nature's greatest puzzles. Scientists cannot agree as to its method of motivation—whether it really flaps its wings or travels by momentum. In either event it can fly up to 250 yards, and has been known to alight on decks of ships in its effort to escape a pursuing enemy.

None the less odd is the climbing perch of India, who saunters about on dry land in search of water when there are indications that his regular home may dry up. His journeys are necessarily short, and this remarkable fellow travels only at night or early morning while there is sufficient dew to keep his gills moist.

Outstanding phenomenon of the lower fishes is the electric eel. It can deliver enough electric current to stun a man and render him helpless momentarily. The "charge" comes from highly potent electric cells along the eel's sides.

If you should drive an oar-fish—perhaps the ugliest of all fishes—from the icy depths of the ocean to shallow water, its body would swell and burst, for it is not made to withstand low water pressure.

The sting-ray fish, whose body is almost round, carries a poison barb at the end of its whip-like tail, and uses it without discretion if annoyed.

The sawfish is a moody fellow. When stirred to action he is a fierce fighter. The octopus and cuttlefish are two creatures he will not tolerate, and he attacks them on sight.

Fishes of the tropics are often brilliantly colored. The parrot fish of the tropical seas have vivid colorings of red and green and yellow. Some even glow with an eerie phosphorescent light.

Now in the Fall

Judy Van der Veer

*Now in the fall comes
The sound of guns,
The wounded deer drops,
Rises and runs.*

*Runs through the leaves
Spattered with red,
Seeks for the shelter
Of some hidden bed.*

*Runs hearing his own
Labored heart beat,
Louder that sound than
The sound of his feet.*

*Runs and drops down
In some friendly place,
With nothing to watch
But the sky's face.*

*That turns into darkness,
To pitying night,
Unable to bear such
Pain and such fright.*



"JUST A PAIR OF KIDS" BOBBY AND BILLY

CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Wise Old Burro

ANNIE KEELER WILLIAMS

THE burro is a very patient animal and wiser than his appearance would indicate. While living near a mine my small daughter had an old white burro she used to ride. But this little burro did not always wish to be ridden, and so he would not let her get upon his back.

When she set a box beside him and got upon the box to mount him, he would merely move away. Then he would stand patiently until she moved the box to a new place, and again when she was ready to climb upon him he would move again.

Then the little girl found a way to overcome this trouble. She would set a bucket with some oats in it in front of him. When he put his head down into the bucket to get the oats the little girl would climb upon his neck, and when he lifted his head to chew the oats she would slide down upon his back. After he had eaten all the oats he would then take her anywhere she wished if she patted him on the side of the neck opposite to the direction she wished to go.

If the burro suspected the trick I think he felt repaid by the feeding of oats he received.

Answers to "What Birds Are These?" puzzle last month: 1. Ptarmigan. 2. Pigeons. 3. Nuthatch. 4. Falcons. 5. Towhee. 6. Widgeon. 7. Spoonbill. 8. Guillemots. 9. Goatsucker. 10. Goshawk. 11. Fieldfares. 12. Cassowaries.

The Squirrel's Answer

CHRISTINE PARK HANKINSON

Good morning, Little Squirrel!
My, my! How do you do!
You might stop just a moment
To let me speak to you.
You dart along the tree-trunk,
And drop to earth; and then
You keep on running races
Up there and back again.
Do tell me, Little Squirrel,
What secrets have you learned?
What is the season's promise?
Why are you so concerned?
Oh, I can sense your answer—
You "have no time to spare";
The nuts are ripe for winter
And you must have your share.

Experts in the Insect World

SOME of the wasps are paper makers; the spiders are spinners and the worms are weavers.

The ants are indefatigable workers and have a well organized system of labor.

Certain species of East Indian ants are horticulturists; they raise mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

The bees are expert builders; their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized rooms and the least possible loss of wall spaces.

So also are the ant-lions, whose funnel-shaped traps are exactly correct in conformation, as if they had been made by the most skilled architects of our species with the aid of the best instruments.



"I WONDER — !"



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"Rusty"

George H. Sweetnam

How can I find good English words,
My dear old Irish Setter chum,
To eulogize your faithfulness,
Your loyalty and love, then some.
Marked by you, every step I take;
Alert, it seems to every thought.
Shadowed akin to F. B. I.
By you, in every object sought.

You surely know each word we speak;
You manifest the greatest joy
When speaking thoughts of going out
You're boisterous as a rampart boy.
Or if, perchance, you're not to go,
Chagrined, you humbly fade away
With poignant sorrow in your heart,
And sigh because you have to stay.

When bedtime comes you follow me
To see that every door is fast,
Then romp upstairs to lead the way
And into bed you are the last.
Then first to wake us in the morn
With cold black nose against our face,
Exactly on the dot of time
To start a new day in life's race.

We've had our joy and fun beside,
Beneath God's azure dome of sky,
Amid the alders, oaks, and pines
And meadows, cornfields — hills close by.
Then home, so sweet, there hungry, tired,
Ma welcomes us with open arms
And something good for each to eat —
Life has no better, sweeter charms.

Ah! dear old Rust, if all mankind
Could love each other as we do,
As taught by Christ of Galilee,
Then peace on earth would come anew.
You and your kin are man's best friend,
God's gracious gift to humankind
To teach us loyalty and love
As His desire; men's hearts to bind.

Animals Made Them Famous

JULIETTE LAINE

HAVE you ever thought of the great number of persons who have become famous because of their love for, and understanding of animals? Not only the great-hearted people whose tireless work has done so much to end the neglect and mistreatment of animals, but also the many artists and writers whose pictures and books about animals have given them world-wide renown.

For example, it is doubtful whether there is anyone among present-day folk whose name is better known or whose work is more popular than our own Walt Disney. Children and grown-ups in every part of the civilized world have chuckled over his delightful "Mickey Mouse," "Donald Duck," "Pluto," and all the rest of the Disney menagerie. Other writers

who have become celebrated because of their imaginary animals are Helen Eder-son and Harold Pearl, who together wrote "Dumbo," Kenneth Graham who wrote the amusing "Reluctant Dragon," and Felix Salten whose poignant "Bambi" will continue to be read for many generations to come. Then there is Munro Leaf, who knew and admired a little bull and wrote a book about him. "Ferdinand, the Bull" became so popular and made so much money for Mr. Leaf that most people have forgotten that he ever wrote anything else.

Another who wrote many other books but who will be remembered longest for his animal tales is Rudyard Kipling. His "Jungle Book" and other stories of India are unforgettable. The same may be said of Anna Sewell, who in 1840 wrote "Black Beauty." This beautiful story of a horse caused people to forget all her other writings. Similar is the case of Jack London, who though he wrote many popular stories of adventure made his greatest fame with "The Call of the Wild," a dog story. As for Albert Payson Terhune, does one ever think of him without instantly calling to mind his many dog stories?

Among artists none is more famous than Rosa Bonheur; her paintings bring fabulous prices and hang in the world's finest art galleries, and they all deal with animals. She was the first woman ever to receive the decoration of the French "Legion of Honor" and it was presented to her by the Emperor, Napoleon III, in honor of "The Horse Fair."

As for Anna Botsford Comstock, she loved the forest creatures so much that she worked for them all her life, writing books, lecturing, and striving in every way to preserve and protect them. In return, she was named one of America's twelve greatest women.

Many other great-hearted persons could be named, yet most of them would never have known fame or fortune if it had not been for their love of animals.

The purpose of a "Humane Week" is to bring home the lessons of kindness and mercy toward animals, and to create a wider, broader sympathy.

Liberal Annuity Rates

Both of our Societies offer you semi-annually during your lifetime a fixed income on the sum given. Depending upon your age at the time of the gift, the rate varies from 4½% to 9% per annum, beginning at age 45.

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The management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, will be glad to furnish further details.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining Life	20 00	Annual	1 00
	Children's		\$0 75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars, (or, if other property, describe the property).

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